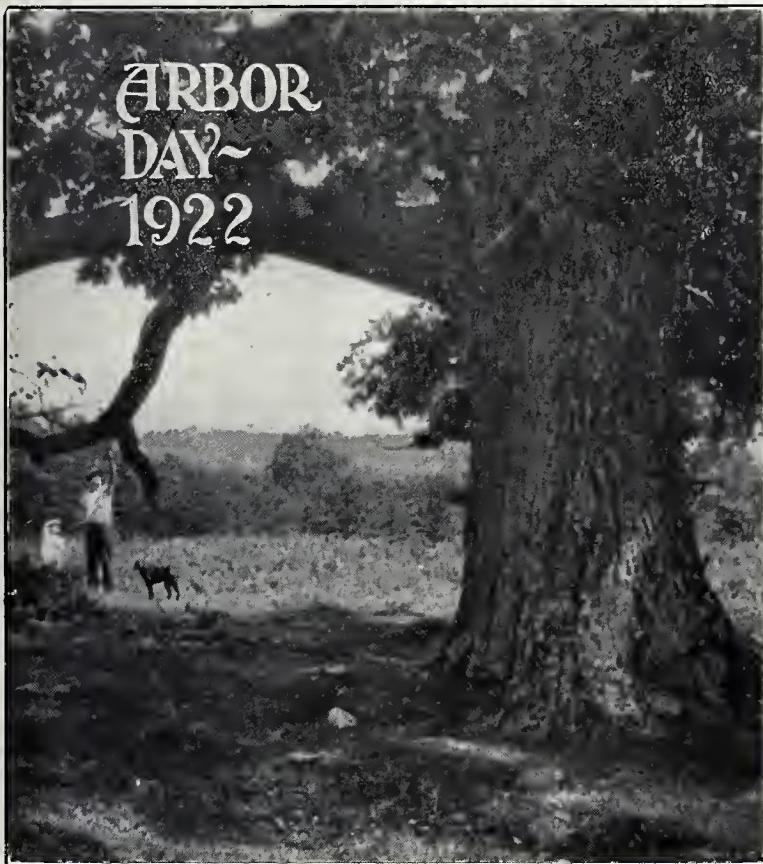


DEPT. OF FORESTRY

Post Card

ARBOR
DAY~
1922



-The Tree-

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight.
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

—HENRY VAN DYKE, *Scribner's Magazine*.

Photo by George W. French, Newark Camera Club.

Arbor Day, April 21, 1922

Arbor Day, joyous festival of trees! With it, so appropriately, "the flowers appear on the earth and the time of the singing of the birds is come" and from the lowliest daisy plant to the loftiest elm the sap is running free.

This year's Arbor Day is especially significant, being the fiftieth anniversary of the institution of the festival. It is the jubilee year in the movement to secure for the trees their rightful place in the thought and economy of our country and its people.

On Arbor Day we remind ourselves that the trees have done us noble service, that they are our friends and we their debtors. So today we open the book wherein are listed their shining deeds, and read what they have done to make life beautiful, to render us happy, and minister to our comfort; and we see how from the beginning of time the trees have been man's constant friend and inspiration and help.

But Arbor Day also reminds us of our very serious dependence on trees. For not only do the trees minister beauty and gladness to us and to all men; man's very existence on this earth is dependent upon trees. Hence Arbor Day looks not only to the present but to the future. It is concerned about our children and our children's children throughout the long centuries to come. It seeks to conserve not only for ourselves but for them God's good gift of trees. Its purposes, therefore, to safeguard the trees that now are and make up for any depletion by continual renewing of our forests and our city trees.

Thus Arbor Day suggests solemn thinking on our need of trees, a need which becomes more serious with every year. This day urgently calls the children and youth of our schools to the patriotic service of planting and protecting trees. In your varied programs of this day let this lesson be remembered.

And be reminded also of some practical tasks for this festival day. Let it not pass without making some place at school or home, in street or park, more inviting for beauty and comfort. Many of our parks need vigilant protection and care. Let it mark you as a good citizen of school and country that you endeavor to protect and preserve these things that make for the enjoyment and comfort of all.

In all our observance of Arbor Day we are learning more and more of this wonderful world, and learning also, I hope, to preserve its beauty and goodness.

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

— CARL BANNWART.



Newark's Hymn to the Trees*



' We gather today in an earnest endeavor,
To give to the trees our allegiance and praise.
This compact with forest may time never sever,
In pledge of our purpose our voices we raise.

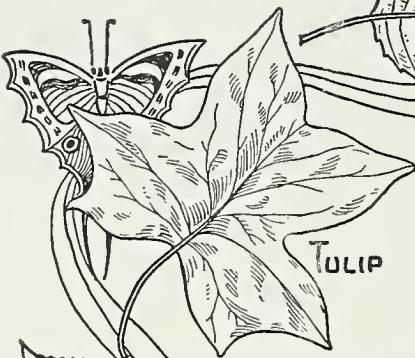
For beauty, for shade, for each health-giving blessing,
For waters conserved, for protection to plain,
For all these the thanks of our nation expressing,
O'er city and country secure may they reign.

As steadfast they stood through the sunshine or tempest,
So may we endure and stand firm in our might.
As from the dark earth rose each tree on its life quest,
May we through earth's trials stretch up to the light.

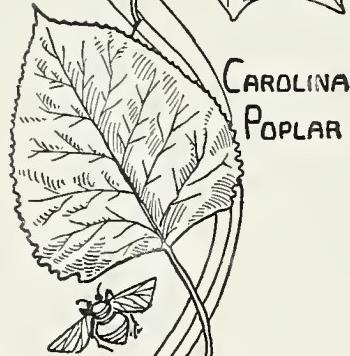
Then give we this pledge of our purpose enduring,
To spread the tree gospel o'er land and o'er seas.
God grant that our efforts their welfare securing,
May give to each nation long life to its trees.

LONG LIFE TO THE TREES!

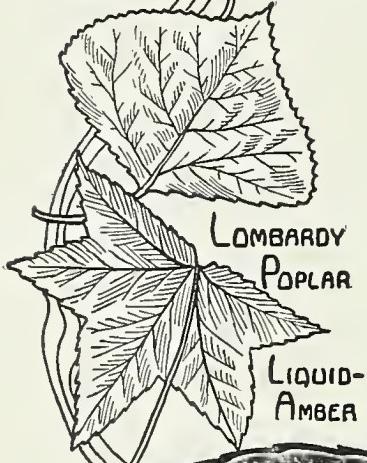
* See Music, Schirmer's Octavo Choruses, Number 2216.
(Copyright 1922, A. V. Miller)



TULIP

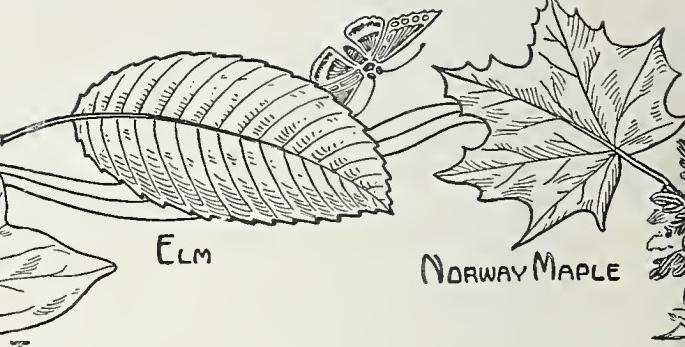


CAROLINA
POPLAR



LOMBARDY
POPLAR

L I Q U I D -
A M B E R



ELM

NORWAY MAPLE

WHY AND HOW

WHY PLANT TREES?

They add value to the adjacent property.
They protect the pavement from the hot sun.
They add beauty and comfort to the city street.
They cool the air in summer and give shelter in winter.

WHERE TO PLANT TREES

Plant them 35 to 40 feet apart.
Plant them in good soil. Dig a pit four feet square by three and a half feet deep. Replace the sand and stones by good top soil mixed with well-rotted manure. See that the best soil is near the roots.

HOW TO PLANT TREES

Dig the hole large enough to take the roots without crowding.
Cut off broken and injured roots with a sharp knife.
Make a clean cut.
Trim back the top to counterbalance the loss of roots.
See that the earth is pressed firmly around the roots to hold the tree in place. Water thoroughly.

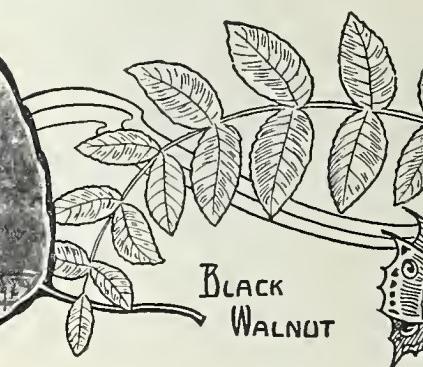
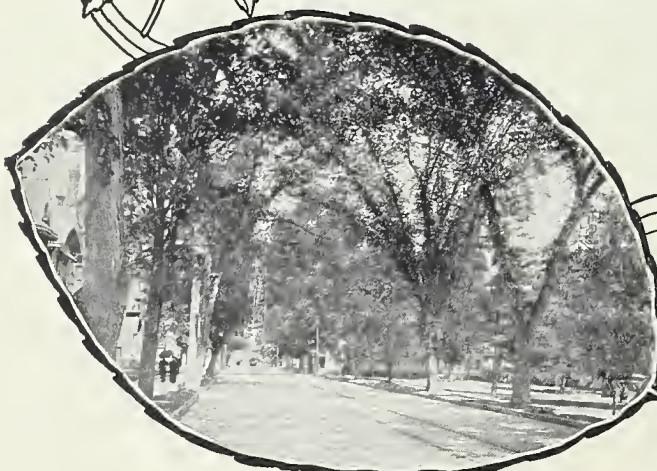
WHAT TREES TO PLANT

Trees for general street planting should be nursery grown. These have compact root systems straight stems and symmetrical tops, and are accustomed to transplanting.

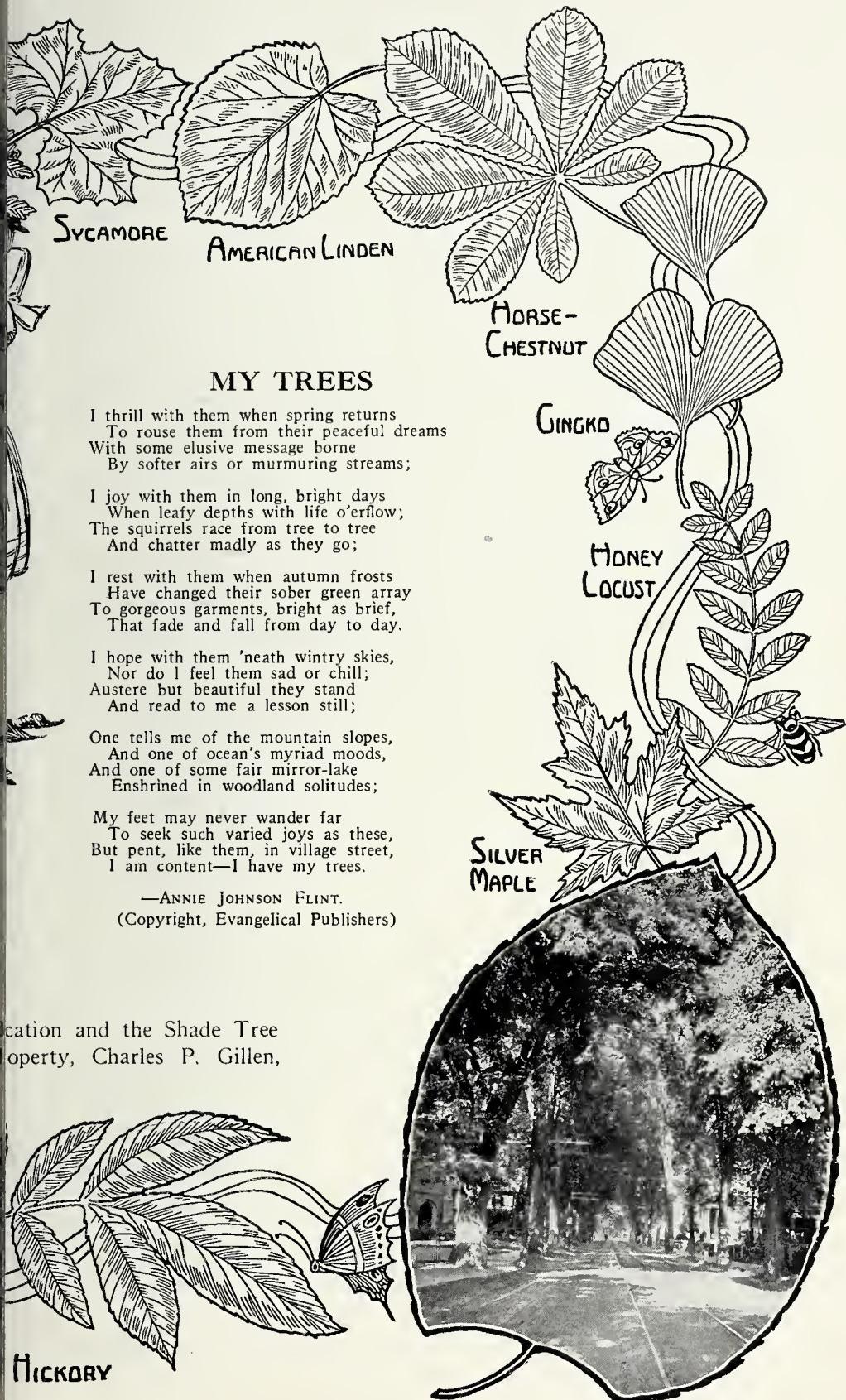
Only a few varieties of trees do well in the city. Among these Norway Maple, American Elm and Sycamore or Plane are easily the leaders.

Do not plant poplars or silver maples. They are short-lived and when they fall across the sewer pipes, raise the sidewalks and topple over in great masses. The silver maples also harbor borers.

This leaflet is the gift of the
Division, Department of
Public Works
Director.



BLACK
WALNUT



MY TREES

I thrill with them when spring returns
To rouse them from their peaceful dreams
With some elusive message borne
By softer airs or murmuring streams;

I joy with them in long, bright days
When leafy depths with life o'erflow;
The squirrels race from tree to tree
And chatter madly as they go;

I rest with them when autumn frosts
Have changed their sober green array
To gorgeous garments, bright as brief,
That fade and fall from day to day.

I hope with them 'neath wintry skies,
Nor do I feel them sad or chill;
Austere but beautiful they stand
And read to me a lesson still;

One tells me of the mountain slopes,
And one of ocean's myriad moods,
And one of some fair mirror-lake
Enshrined in woodland solitudes;

My feet may never wander far
To seek such varied joys as these,
But pent, like them, in village street,
I am content—I have my trees.

—ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.
(Copyright, Evangelical Publishers)

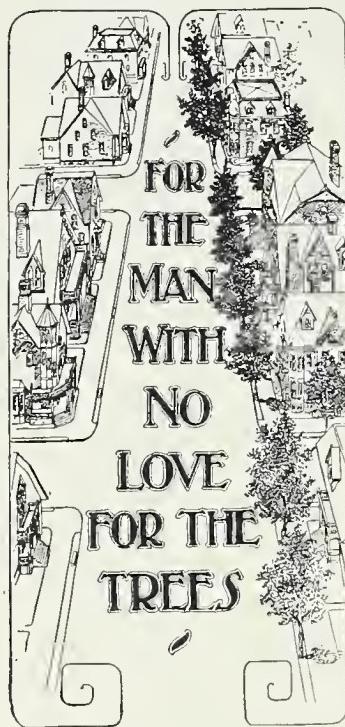
cation and the Shade Tree
operty, Charles P. Gillen,



HICKORY

The Tree in the City

By LAURA E. RICHARDS



IN a narrow space between two buildings, in a crowded city, grew a tree. There was no other green thing near it. On one side its green leaves touched the blank wall of a warehouse; on the other they swept the window of a poor tenement; the space under it was paved up to its very roots; but still it lived, and put forth its fresh leaves every spring.



"Why do you take so much trouble?" asked the old rat who lived under the roots. "I would not, if I were in your place."

"It is my business!" said the tree. "It is the thing I have to do. All my family do it."

"But there is no one to see you," said the rat, "except me, and I do not care."

"That is not my affair" said the tree.

But the sick girl in the tenement said, "Mother! mother dear! the tree outside the window is putting out little new leaves, soft and green. It is spring, even here in the city. I shall grow better now, I am sure."

"Thank God!" said the mother.

Summer came. The leaves of the tree were large and long, and the branches were heavy with them; they quivered and rustled with every breath of wind.

"It really does seem a pity for you to exert yourself so!" said the

rat who lived under the roots. "If you caught beetles, now, or did anything useful, I should feel better about it. WHY do you take all this trouble?"

"It is the thing I have to do!" said the tree. "All my family do it."

"But if anybody cared," said the rat, "it would be different."

"That is not my affair!" said the tree.

But the sick girl in the tenement said, "Mother, the heat is stifling. I could not bear it if it were not for the shade of this dear tree. The wind rustles the leaves, and I seem to hear coolness in the sound; it tells me that somewhere in the world there are whole forests of trees, rustling and waving, and green fields with flowers in them, and streams of cool water flowing and falling. The tree makes summer for me."

"Thank God!" said the mother.

By and by it was autumn. The air grew thin and chill; the leaves of the tree turned yellow, and one by one dropped off and fell to the ground. The paved court was covered with them, and they shone like gold.

"Now you see!" said the old rat who lived under the roots. "Now it is over, and what have you for your pains?"

"I have done the thing I had to do," said the tree. "That is enough for me."

"Poor-spirited vegetable!" said the rat. "If you had borne acorns for people to gnaw, it would at least have been something, but you have nothing to show for your trouble save dead leaves and empty branches."

"That is not my affair!" said the tree.

But the sick girl in the tenement said, "Mother! mother dear, I am tired. Summer is over. Look! The leaves have fallen from my dear tree, and the bare branches tap against the window like summoning hands. The tree is going to sleep for the winter, and I think that I shall sleep too. Mother, dear, when I am asleep, gather the leaves from the ground and strew them over me, for they have been my joy."

And she turned her head to the wall and slept.

"Thank God!" said the mother.

(Copyright, 1903, by Little, Brown & Company)

Trees

by
Sergeant Joyce Kilmer
165th Infantry
Killed Overseas

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest,
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair,
Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

~
C Ready ~